

CHARIVARIA.

THE Canadian Government is to invite a number of former Governors-General to tour the Dominion "in order that they may see how the country has progressed since they left." The compliment seems a doubtful one.

It is denied that the Franco-British Exhibition is to be followed up by a German Exhibition. As a gentleman from Berlin points out, it is unnecessary. Nearly every shop in London is already a German Exhibition.

"The Exhibition," remarked a certain distinguished visitor, "is as far advanced as any I have seen at this stage." We suppose this would be so.

To judge by the Directoire dresses which smart women are to wear this year Miss MAUD ALLAN will shortly be face to face with serious competition.

Meanwhile some people are evidently going further still. We have seen a circular, issued in connection with the forthcoming Chelsea Pageant Ball, which boldly states that at that function costume will not be essential.

In Paris a new Salon has been organised by the Society of French Poets, the object of which is to give poets an opportunity to recite their new productions to a mixed audience. It is curious, and something of a paradox, that this should be possible in a country where capital punishment has practically been abolished as being inhumane.

A volume entitled "Sewage Disposal Works" has just been published. Librarians, we fancy, will be grateful for this as a classification title for a certain type of objectionable novel.

"Drink freely between meals of pure water," says *The Family Doctor*. Well, when are we to eat, anyway?

Since Mr. Justice A. T. LAWRENCE, at the Cardiff Assizes, ordered the "cat" for men found guilty of robbery with violence, no such robbery has taken place in the town. This is no doubt due to a fear on the part of the criminals lest they shall become brutalised.

The party of Japanese tourists who visited the House of Commons were chiefly struck, it is stated, by the fact that many M.P.'s wore their hats while sitting in the House. This news has fallen like a bomb-shell

made of all the speeches of Members of Parliament, and that section of the public which likes to get value for its money is furious.

"Now that the time is drawing near when many fine bands will be playing in our lovely parks," says a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*, "would it not add to the enjoyment and health of the public if the audience were encouraged to sing during the performances?" The answer is No.

The Mohmands, *Reuter* tells us, have sent their wives and children to hiding-places in the hills. The men, it is hoped, will have their hiding in the open.

Two thieves who robbed the Baker Street branch of the National Provincial Bank took by mistake five bags of coppers instead of five bags of gold. It is, we believe, on occasions like this that new oaths are invented.

At the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition, the PRINCE OF WALES wore the uniform of a British Admiral. Very seasonable.

A "Salon des Humoristes" has been opened in Paris at the

Palais de Glace. The selection of the *locale* is peculiarly happy, for some of the artists, we hear, skate on very thin ice.

At a general meeting of the Pyecombe Golf Club it was resolved that Rule xi. should read as follows:—

"No person under the age of 18 shall be elected a member or introduced as a visitor or temporary member unless he is over the age of 15, and being a son of a member pays 15s. for the Club year, or whether the son of a member or not is accompanied by a member and pays a fee of 5s. per day on Saturdays, or 1s. per day on any other day provided Rule xi. is complied with. The above privileges only apply to persons under 18."

By the time a father had mastered this his boy would be 19, and he would have to begin all over again.



Faithful Wife (unable to restrain her feelings). "FRANKIE, DEAR, SURELY IT'S NOT WORTH SPOILING YOUR NEW SUIT!"

among the little band of Members who thought they had impressed the visitors by their orations.

Old Age Pensions, it is now feared, will have an unpleasant effect on Centenarians. Hitherto these have been pampered by the public, but now the poor old fellows will undoubtedly be scowled at for scooping more than their fair share of the revenue.

Hundreds of ladies who have lost little pet mongrel dogs have been paying visits to Earl's Court to see the "What is it?" on the chance of its proving to be Fido.

The Government proposes to spend £12,000 a year in having full reports

OUR SO-CALLED OPENING DAY.

Cheerful holder of invitation ticket (after waiting in steady rain and a seething crowd at the Uxbridge Road Entrance of the Franco-British Exhibition, long after the advertised hour of opening). It's all right, my dear. I wrote and told Mr. KIRALFY that we were coming. But there's always so much to be done at the last moment. I expect he's busy starting the water-works and hasn't had time to take the hoarding down in front of the main entrance. But they'll be sure to bring some ladders directly.

Choir (delivering itself of the DUKE OF ARGYLL'S Inauguration Ode):

"Take our welcome, comrades all!
England's May
Greets you."

"Give welcome to France,
Jolly Britons, advance!"

"Jolly Briton" ("advancing," soaked and chilled to the bone, towards a group of policemen on guard at an exit in a remote part of Wood Lane, a desolate road in the wilds of one of the Home Counties). Can any one tell me where the nearest station is?

Constable. Where do you want to go, sir?

"Jolly Briton" (irritably). London, of course.

Constable. Any particular line?

"Jolly Briton." No, I don't care which. I just want to get away out of this beastly mess and clean myself.

American (to compatriot). That's so. It's right there that the Britisher has the pull of us. We can't run to ruins like these in a new country.

Genial Sportsman (scraping mud off his knees with a splinter of a loose plank in what is reported to be the vestibule of the Imperial Sports Club, of which he has the privilege of being a member). Very convenient, having a club like this to entertain in. Ought to be able to give you a sandwich here in a couple of months. They've got the roof on already.

Fretful Matron. Must we climb over all that rubble and stuff to get to the Stadium? I've ruined my new gown as it is, and ripped both my heels off.

Husband of above. Well, my dear, I thought you'd be sure to want to see the Finchley Harriers. You don't get a treat like that every day. They're going to run races as soon as the Stadium has got properly dedicated. I should never forgive myself if I let you miss the Finchley Harriers.

Paying Visitor (Lady). Who are all those gentlemen jumping into the water-tank?

Ditto, ditto (man). I expect they're the Executive Committee. You see, they wouldn't like us to go about saying we'd had nothing for our five shillings.

First Observant Female. I should think some of these rooms will look a bit brighter when they've put up a few of the stalls and exhibits and things. Don't you?

Second Observant Female (but less articulate). I thought there was something wanting, though I couldn't give it a name. Of course, I see now. It's the Exhibition that isn't here yet.

Chorus of Entente Trippers (to bewildered policeman). Pardon, Monsieur; mais nous venons d'arriver. Où est la sortie?

Reporter (phrasing his periods for a paper in which the Exhibition authorities advertise lavishly). To one who has not visited the superb pleasures of the Franco-British Exhibition since yesterday, it seems past belief that all this finished perfection of floral beauty, this iridescent wealth of gardens that breathe the subtle atmosphere of faërieland, should have sprung up in a single night. Truly the hands of genii have been at work here with their wands and wizardry; it is like a page out of the stories of Arabian Magic. (Heavens! where shall I go to when I die?) O. S.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

[So far from the best British workmen being dead before they reach the Old Age Pension standard of 70 years (as alleged by the dissatisfied Labour Party), we now have it on high authority that much of the world's noblest work has been produced by septuagenarians.]

Courage, mon brave! That, ARCHIBALD, is French;

"Buck up, old boy!" would be a free translation.

Once, eager as Achilles in the trench,

(That for the rhyme) with great determination,

And each his special aim,

Did you and I strive manfully for fame.

Once, like Achilles, as I said before,

You vied with me in strenuous toil, but lately

We've lost our (figurative) thirst for gore,

And seem content to look on things sedately,

And even, now and then,

Fancy ourselves just ordinary men.

We thought we might, at five-and-sixty years,

Approach the last and feeblest of our stages;

In fact we grew, depressed by foolish fears,

A little sensitive about our ages;

You winced when you were called,

With questionable humour "ARCHIE-BALD."

Courage, mon brave! (you know the meaning now);

The Star of Hope above us plainly twinkles.

I see the laurels on your lofty brow,

Ditto on mine, effacing all our wrinkles.

Yes, ARCHIBALD, I'll bet

A shilling that we do the business yet.

Do you recall how once an Editor

Retained your Sonnet for a week or longer?

Do you recall that match in which my score

Crept up to nine, and I was never stronger?

He sent you back your Sonnet;

I knocked the wicket down, and sat upon it.

But what's our failure here? (as BROWNING said);

For now no pang of disappointment lingers;

Although our hopes were pretty nearly dead,

We'll spread our manly chests and snap our fingers.

If the above be truthful,

We've only failed through being far too youthful!

When we are seventy! I shall smite with glee

Till I've made ten—my lifelong hope, as hinted;

And after years of waiting you will see

Your Sonnet to the Shades of Evening printed.

Be patient for a time,

We shall do wonders—when we reach our prime.



WORKING AND SHIRKING.

CITIZEN SOLDIER. "NOW THEN, MATE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?"

LOAFER. "NOT ME. I LIKE MY LIBERTY. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY."

CITIZEN SOLDIER. "WELL, IT WON'T BE A FREE COUNTRY MUCH LONGER IF EVERYBODY GOES ON LIKE YOU!"



He (at end of fishing story). "MY WORD, IT WAS A MONSTER. 'PON MY SOUL, I NEVER SAW SUCH A FISH IN MY LIFE!"
She. "NO. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVER DID!"

THE REAL REALISM.

(By Our Special Observer, author of "Things Actually Heard.")

SCENE—A Luncheon Bar.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Elderly Barmaid, Major Gold, and Alfred.

Major Gold (entering). Has my friend been in?

The Barmaid. He's only this minute gone.

M. G. Then I've missed him.

B. Yes.

M. G. It's a most extraordinary thing. He said he would be here.

B. He hasn't been gone more than a minute. You must have passed each other.

M. G. Isn't that extraordinary? You wouldn't think it possible. There's no place like London for missing people.

B. So near and yet so far.

M. G. (laughing). By Jove, yes. He must have gone one way just as I came in the other. I told him I should be here too. He ought to have waited.

B. Of course he ought. I can't think why he didn't.

M. G. I suppose he's gone to the

club. The rum thing is I've just come from the club, but I didn't meet him. Isn't that strange?

B. He must have gone by another way.

M. G. Yes, by Jove! But isn't it extraordinary, missing anyone just by a minute like that? I had seen him earlier in the morning too, and he said he'd have to lunch here. I suppose he had some lunch?

B. Oh, yes, he had some plovers' eggs and sandwiches, and a whisky and soda.

M. G. He did, did he? And all before I came in. He must have had them pretty quick too. I can't think how I missed him.

B. He went out just before you came in. Not a minute, was it, ALFRED?

Alfred. No, miss, not a minute.

B. He said he wondered why you didn't come.

M. G. Oh, he said that! Well, I think he might have waited. I came along as quick as I could; and one can't be quicker, can one?

B. (laughing heartily). You're right.

M. G. London really is a wonderful

place. You can miss people by a second. They're round the corner, and you're done.

[The telephone bell rings.]

Alfred (at the telephone). Are you Major Gold?

M. G. Yes.

Alfred. I think this is your friend. (To telephone.) Yes, Major GOLD is here. Yes, yes, yes. (To Major GOLD.) It's Mr. SALTER. He says will you come down to the club?

M. G. Tell him I will. Tell him I must have missed him here. Say I'm having a very delightful lunch and talk, and will be down directly.

[ALFRED does so.]

M. G. (later, to Barmaid). Well, good morning. I shall go down to the club, and find out how it was I missed him.

B. Good morning.

"Of course, the old-age pension is not equitable. A poor deserving woman will be deprived of the little income from the State because he or she is not poor enough or old enough."—The Western Morning News.

Wait till Woman has the Vote, and then she or he will put all this right.

ADONAI.

[The extinction of the Sea-elephant (*Macrorhinus angustirostris*) is now said to be complete. A few specimens have, however, been secured for museums.]

NEVERMORE shall Amphitrite
Fondle that beloved snout,
Fallen, fallen are the mighty,
Behemoth has just pegged out!
Nereid nymphs, what were ye doing
When some sealer pinked his side?
Heard ye not a voice hallooing
When the local Hathi died?

In what wave-engirt arena,
Where, I think, his playful feats
Charmed the sirens, has there been a
Falling-off of gate-receipts?
In what weed-embroidered pleasance
Does the lonely merchild weep,
Orphaned by the obsolescence
Of that Two-tails of the deep?

Louder, though, than all the dirges
Over *Macrorhinus* dead,
There beneath the dark-blue surges
Where he lived and loved and wed,
Greater than the grief of ocean,
Where the sea-mews mop their
eyes,

Was the present bard's emotion
When he heard of that demise.

Never to have heard him trumpet,
Never to have cast him cakes,
That, though I must strive to lump it,
That is where the anguish aches.
Down the pathway dim and dusty
He was snatched to Hades' thrall,
Ere they told me that *Angustirostris* ever lived at all.

Still there is a term to weeping,
And, although I missed his bloom,
Doubtless I shall see him sleeping
Sometimes in a glassy tomb.
Also I have lately cherished
In my heart a sanguine glow;
When they say his tribe has perished,
Do these *savants* really know?

What if in some coral antre
Proteus, BARNUM of the blue,
Where the tame sea-horses canter,
Keeps a docile mammoth too?
What if with his noblest feature
Round some ocean-dainty linked,
He survives, deluded creature,
Unaware that he's extinct?

"One member of the M.C.C. team resembled a Triton among the minions."—*Yorkshire Post*.
Seven minions for 44 was HAIGH's analysis in this match.

"At Carnarvon, on Saturday, a man was fined the ridiculously small penalty of twenty shillings and costs for selling water as milk."
Cambrian News.

No punishment would have been too severe for such a heartless deception.

LONDON LETTERS.

VI.

DEAR CHARLES,—Are you coming up to town this month? If you do we will make a journey into Shepherd's Bush together, and see the Exhibition.

I am afraid I have been doing Shepherd's Bush an injustice all these years. JOHN and I once arranged a system of seven Hells, in which we put all the men we hated. Nobody known personally to either of us was eligible (which may have saved you, dear CHARLES), so that they had to be filled with people in the public eye. The Seventh Hell contained two only. One a Socialist, who is thought a good deal of—by himself, I mean; the other a Novelist who is always writing about Duchesses' children. The punishment for this class was simple; perpetual life in an open boat on a choppy sea, smoking Virginian cigarettes. JOHN's idea chiefly, he being a bad sailor. The doom decreed for the unfortunates in the Fifth Class—now I am coming to the point of this reminiscence—was more subtle; they had to live at Shepherd's Bush, and go to *The Chinese Honeymoon* every afternoon.

There were four men in the Fifth Class. Three of them we need not bother about, but the latest arrival was a certain headmaster who advertised a good deal. One day we met somebody who knew him well. We broke the sad news to him gently, and he was much distressed about it. He asked if there was any hope. We replied that if his friend turned over a new leaf, and kept his name out of the papers for a bit, he might in time be promoted into the Fourth Division—where you had mutton sandwiches for lunch every day and read *The Daily Mirror's* cricket notes. He was so glad to hear this that he made us promise to let him know when any such step was meditated. Accordingly, after a month of perfect quiet on the part of the learned gentleman we sent his friend a telegram: "EDWARD left Shepherd's Bush by the nine o'clock steamer this morning."

And now it looks as though the Bush were much more of a place than we thought.

Every week or so I have an inspiration; and I had one yesterday, when the thought struck me suddenly that it would be a good idea to buy some post-cards. You get them at the post-office—six stout ones for ninepence. Oh no, that can't be right—nine stout ones for sixpence. I shouldn't think a post-card would

ever get too stout—not unpleasantly so, I mean; you hardly ever see an obese post-card. I don't believe I have used one of any dimensions for ten years; yet they are such handy things when you want to say "Right O," or don't quite know whether you are "very truly" or "sincerely." The post-card touch is hereditary. Some families have it, ours hasn't. But now it is going to begin. Tomorrow I buy as many stout ones for sixpence as they will give me.

Talking of buying croquet mallets and such—I went into a tobacconist's a little while ago (What for? Guess), and while I was there a man came in and ordered a pipe, two ounces of bird's-eye, and a box of matches. I wanted to tell him that you really required a rubber pouch as well, and a little silver thing for pressing down the tobacco. It must want some nerve to start straight off like that, especially at his age—forty or so. I am about to play golf seriously, and I shall certainly get my clubs at different shops; a driver at the Stores, a putter in Piccadilly, a niblick (What's a niblick? Anyhow, I shall have several of them, because of the name)—and several niblicks in Fleet Street. It would be too absurd to buy a dozen assorted clubs, one ball, a jersey, and the little red flag all at the same place.

Yes, I should love to come down and play cricket for Castle Bump-brook, and many thanks for asking me. I don't make runs nowadays, CHARLES, but if you feel that the mere presence of a gentleman from Lunnun would inspire and, as it were, give tone to the side, then I am at your service. (You do say "Lunnun" in the country, don't you, when you mean London? And you say "bain't" too. How jolly! "I bain't a bowler, zur"—and you pronounce the "b-o-w" as if it were a curtsy and not a cravat?) "Put Oi—" It's no good, I can't keep it up. Put me in last, and I'll make 3 not out, and that will bring me top of the averages. (If you divide 3 by 0 you get an awful lot, you know.) You have an average bat, I suppose? I like them rather light—or I would take the money; whichever would be more convenient.

I have just written myself a letter, pleasantly stand-offish, but not haughty. The reason is that I have my doubts about the post-office, so I am giving them a test. My address, as you have discovered, is an awkward one. There are nine distinct ways of getting it wrong, and most people try two or three of them. But the letters do get here eventually.

after (I expect) a good deal of sickness on the part of the postman. What I am beginning to wonder now is whether a letter with the *right* address would arrive; I fancy that the chief of the detective department would suspect a trap, and send it somewhere else. And as I am certain that I have never received one or two letters which I ought to have had, I am writing to myself to see.

It is a great art, that of writing nicely to yourself; to say enough, yet not too much. When JOHN was getting engaged he wrote to himself every day. Before he started doing this he used to spend hours sitting and wondering whether the postman had been. The few letters he had had from her came by the 8.30 post. At 8.15 he began to look out; nothing happened. An awful quarter of an hour followed. 8.30—no postman's knock; never mind, perhaps he's late. 8.35—well, it is rather a busy time; besides, he may have fallen down. 8.40—one ray of light left; he did come once, you remember, at 8.42. 8.45—despair. A half-an-hour's agony, you see, CHARLES. Then he thought of writing to himself in time for that delivery. The result was that he remained quite calm, knowing that the postman was bound to come. "Ah, there he is. Will there be a letter from her? Yes—no." You see? Your heart in your mouth for five seconds only.

I never saw any of these letters. But, knowing JOHN, I should say that at the beginning they were sympathetic—"Buck up, it's all right"; or hopeful—"Never mind, she'll write to-morrow." Later on they would tend to become cynical: "Done in the eye again. What on earth do you expect?" And finally, I expect, insulting: "You silly ass; chuck it." . . . Then, of course, she wrote.

Good-bye. Don't forget I am going to play for you. Would it be side to wear flannels? White boots would be a bit lofty, anyhow. I shall wear one brown pad on the right leg.

A. A. M.

"I should add that Liberals believe that with a better understanding of the Licensing Bill and a modification of some of its provisions it will not prevent anything like the trouble it has done."—*Eastern Morning News*.

If a man could believe that sentence, we believe he could believe anything.

"Directly after Hardstaff's defeat a wicket was again thrown away, and this time the man who was run out was the victim."

Daily Telegraph.

This looks like sound umpiring.



Financier. "SO YOU'RE THINKING OF PAINTING PICTURES? IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL PAINT LIKE REYNOLDS. THERE'S MONEY IN IT!"

Answers to Correspondents.

"WEARY WILLIE."—Your case is a very good one. You will be seventy next December. Your income, derived from your professional occupation as a tramp, averages 9s. 11d. per week. It is 4½ years since you last came out of gaol, after serving time for a felony. You are not a lunatic, but in full possession of your senses, having never suffered from anything approaching brain-fag. Indeed, apart from an occasional burglary, you have never done a stroke of work in your life. You are, therefore, the very man for the Government's pension, and you have an indubitable claim upon the income-tax derived from the working community.

"OPIFEX."—You are not a genuine

correspondent, and I shall therefore not answer you. Another time you had better disguise your handwriting, and not make use of the headed paper of the *Punch* Book Club.

"CONSCRIPTIONIST."—Yes, we think you owe a deep debt of gratitude to those employers who refuse wages to their men while engaged in voluntary service in camp. They are playing your game for you in a most masterly way. And very nobly too, as they would be the greatest sufferers in the event of the failure of Mr. HALDANE's present scheme, with universal service as the only alternative.

"LADIES' KENNEL CLUB."—No, the water-tank in the Stadium is not intended to be used for the Olympic Regatta.

THE SCIENTIFIC PARENTS.

[Visitors to the Exhibition in Southampton Row, which was organised by the Sociological Society to teach parents how to select their children's toys, have been introduced to the toy as "a profound educational agency." They have learnt, e.g., by means of graphic curves on scientific charts of pleasure, all about "biting and tasting plays," of "social," "individual," and "intelligent play," of "competitive" and "co-operative group games," and some have gone away congratulating themselves that they were born in the days when their own parents were not also Sociologists.]

JONATHAN PRATT at six weeks old
Was as healthy a babe as you could behold;
Pink and creasy and soft and fat—
A wonderful baby was JONATHAN PRATT.

JONATHAN'S joy no limits knew
When they brought him a coral to chump and chew:
He grinned and gurgled in huge delight,
And chawed at the coral with all his might.
But suddenly JONATHAN grew aware
Of four keen eyes with a serious stare—
Four great eyes, round, grave, intent,
On poor little JONATHAN always bent.
Scared and timid the babe became;
He would not play at the biting game,
But dropped his jaw and his coral too,
And uttered a long and a loud "Boo-hoo!"

Months rolled by till the babe could crawl,
And bread and milk began to pall,
When one fine day they gave him to eat
Something sticky and red and sweet.
Laughed his dimples and danced his soul,
As he smeared his face with divine jam-roll—
Till, all of a sudden, he found those eyes
Watching him still in their solemn wise.
Scared and timid the babe became;
He would not play at the tasting game,
But dropped his jaw and his jam-roll too,
And uttered a long and a loud "Boo-hoo!"

Master JONATHAN, *àtât* four,
Met with some nice little friends next-door,
And oh, with what glorious fun were made
Castles of sand with a bucket and spade!
Shouts of joy were heard to rise,
Till they all grew aware of those four great eyes
Fixed on them, solemnly taking note
How they made battlement, bridge and moat.
Hushed were the shouts, and the joy was killed,
For how can youngsters contrive to build
If you treat them as specimens that portray
The earlier ages of social play?

Master JONATHAN, *àtât* seven,
Went to school, and he thought it heaven,
For here was cricket, and JONATHAN PRATT
Learnt to play with ball and bat.
Ah! why must father and mother itch
To study their boy on the cricket pitch?
Why must they want to observe their son
As he made for the school his very first run?
Cricket is rare, but it is not the same
If it's called a competitive ball-group-game,
And if your parents are watching you
From the sociological point of view.
Poor little JONATHAN PRATT grew pale;
The first ball carried away a bail.
He fled from the wicket in tearful flight,
And his taste for cricket was killed outright.

Weep, if you will, for the martyred brat—
But what of Mr. and Mrs. PRATT?
Fain would they study with chart and plan
The stages of play in the embryo man;
But though there's a will there is not a way
For JONATHAN mopes and he will not play;
He's thin and haggard, a mass of nerve,
Who simply declines to be placed on a curve.

THE SPOKEN WORD.

[It has been decided that, in future, the speeches of all Members delivered in the House of Commons shall be reported in full and without correction in the Official Report. We venture to give an example of the result of the new method. We have, of course, suppressed the speakers' names.]

First Hon. Member (perorating). We do not say, Mr. SPEAKER—at least Honourable and Right Honourable gentlemen opposite will do me the credit which I think I have fairly deserved, and nobody is more entitled to say that, for, I believe, it is acknowledged on both sides of the House—but what I do say, and I say it with a very firm and rooted conviction, a conviction I have entertained for many years, as a result of the investigation I have conducted on this subject for a long time past; and I should like the House to take note of what has been written on this subject by men so distinguished as Professor JACKSON and Sir WILLIAM BOOTLES, whose authority in this matter nobody can venture to contest. If the House, Mr. SPEAKER, has carefully followed the argument which I have laid before it they will perceive, Mr. SPEAKER—and this, after all, is the main point, though I am far from denying that there are many other points of equal and possibly superior importance. But that, after all, is not the question with which we are at this moment dealing, though on another occasion I shall be quite ready to state my opinion on it without any reserve, and it is for that reason that I now confidently support the motion before the House. (*Loud cheers.*)

Second Hon. Member. In rising, Mr. SPEAKER—ahem—um—er—to address a few remarks, Mr. SPEAKER—er—um—ahem—I should like, Mr. SPEAKER—um—or rather if I may say so, Mr. SPEAKER, I desire to preface the few remarks which—um—ah—if the House will grant me its indulgence for a few moments. (*Cheers.*)

Encouraging voice from the Irish benches. Go on, CICERO!

Second Hon. Member (continuing). I am well aware, Mr. SPEAKER, that such remarks as—erra—um—ah—which I am addressing—ah—um—are not palatable to all sections—

Voice from the Labour benches. Don't you mind our feelings, Sonny. We can bear it.

Second Hon. Member (resuming the thread of his discourse). The figures show, Mr. SPEAKER, that the Right Honourable gentleman has not only—er—um—ah—connived at outrages, but has actually been ignorant of their occurrence, which for a Right Honourable gentleman, erra—um—ah—in the Right Honourable gentleman's position—um—ah—is a most reprehensible position, I had almost said a thoroughly unsatisfactory position.

Encouraging voice from the Irish benches. That's right; you say what you mean.

Second Hon. Member (concluding). And much as I wish to speak with all courtesy—erra—ah—the Right Honourable gentleman, Mr. SPEAKER, has not acted in accordance with the high traditions—um—ah—of the office—um—erra—ahem—which the country has a right to expect.



Mother. "JUST RUN UPSTAIRS, TOMMY, AND FETCH BABY'S NIGHTGOWN."

Tommy. "DON'T WANT TO."

Mother. "OH, WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE UNKIND TO YOUR NEW LITTLE SISTER, SHE'LL PUT ON HER WINGS AND FLY BACK AGAIN TO HEAVEN."

Tommy. "THEN LET HER PUT ON HER WINGS AND FETCH HER NIGHTGOWN!"

AN ECHO OF DUNDEE.

[Dedicated, with profound admiration, to
Miss Malony (or Moloney?) of Clare.]

ELECTIONEERING ladies

My sympathy repel,
For politics a trade is
Sordid and fierce and fell.
And yet the application
Of wholesale condemnation
I bar, in admiration
Of her who bore the bell.

Some names there are that linger
Like jewels rich and rare
On Time's outstretched forefinger,
And hers will sparkle there.
For mightier than BONEY,
Or stout COLOCOTRONI,
I ween, is Miss MALONY,
The pride of County Clare.

Some play the pianola,
Some on the harp excel,

Some use the *mezza gola*

According to MAUREL;
And others tingle-tangle
The frivolous triangle;
But she preferred to jangle
The simple muffin-bell.

Mid markets marmaladen
Or blocked with bales of jute,
This unrelenting maiden
(Like Orpheus with his lute)
With frequent raid and foray
Still hounded down her quarry,
And never, sick or sorry,
Abandoned the pursuit.

Though, on the far Equator,
By lions undismayed,
The fiscal gladiator
Grew mightily afraid
Of Mad'moiselle MALONY,
And summoned, per MARCONI,
Full many a trusty crony
To come and lend his aid.

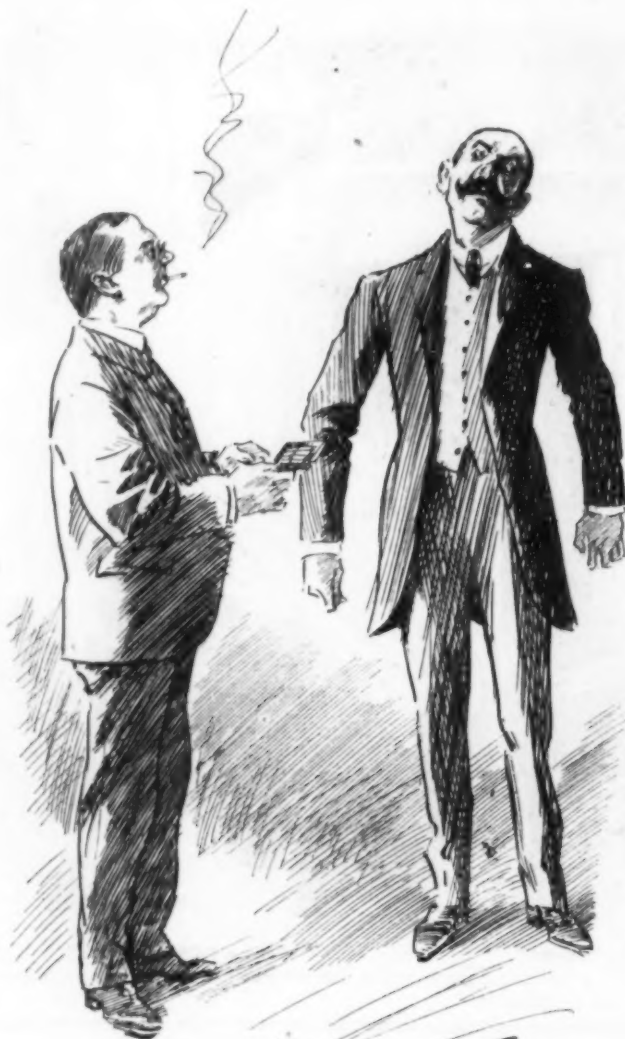
When crowds ran helter-skelter,
When missiles flew around,
She never sought for shelter,
But grimly stood her ground;
And dauntlessly debating,
Orating, imprecating,
And tintinnabulating,
All opposition drowned.

Then *slainté!* Miss MALONY,
To you I raise my cup,
You made old Caledony
Effectively sit up.
You popped up like a puffin,
And, spite of all his bluffin',
You nearly knocked the stuffin'
Out of the "Blenheim pup."

"Moffat golfers intended having a match to-day (Thursday). To-morrow (Saturday) a Moffat team will visit Dumfries."

The Moffat News.

This is carrying the Friday superstition to absurd lengths.



Artist (whose picture is not exactly on the line). "HELLO, COLONEL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR NECK? BEEN BUCK-SHOOTIN'?"

Colonel. "No, SIR. THIS IS THE RESULT OF TRYING TO FIND YOUR INFERNAL PICTURE IN THE R. A.!"

RULES FOR DINING OUT.

["When in Rome, do as the Romans do," is excellent advice for those who happen to be in Rome; but how about those who happen to be in London?]

THE INVITATION.

THE question whether you should accept depends entirely upon whether, if you go, it will cost you less in fares than it will save you in food.

Ignore any invitation which is not

accompanied by an addressed and stamped envelope.

ON THE DOORSTEP.

If there is a red carpet from the street to the door walk right up the centre of it. There is nothing like having one's money's worth.

When (if ever) they open the door ask if your hostess is in. If they say she is out, do not believe them.

Remove all valuables from the pockets of your overcoat.

IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

These things should be carried off with a bold face. Keep your hands in your pockets, therefore, and whistle anything that occurs to you. It is well to be considered non-chalant, even though you cannot pronounce it.

If your host instructs you to take his wife in to dinner there is nothing for it but to make a start with her. Your only hope is to lose her on the way.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Thank goodness that you are here at last.

Say anything, but be very careful what you eat.

When you at last succeed in getting the stuff into your mouth work your lower jaw up and down quickly, forcibly, and often. It is not wise to leave everything to your digestion.

Above all, do not go to sleep until you are certain there is nothing more to eat.

WHEN THE LADIES HAVE WITHDRAWN.

Again thank goodness that you are not a lady.

Help yourself and pass the bottle. Be sure, however, to replace the stopper. Otherwise the twopence on the bottle will not be returned.

Insist upon seeing the label.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AGAIN.

You are requested to proceed to your seat in an orderly manner, and not to loiter in the gangways.

If you have seated yourself next to Miss A. you must talk to her. This is, of course, your own fault; you should have seated yourself next to Miss B.

SAFE ON THE DOORSTEP ONCE MORE.

Examine your change before leaving.

Refuse to depart until you have had just one more drink, even if the butler murmurs in your ear:—"Closing time, please, gentlemen."

On no account tip this butler fellow. He is the richer man of the two.

If they threaten to call you a cab indicate that for this once only you almost feel inclined to walk. The tube station is first to the right and second to the left.

From the advertisement of a Bournemouth hotel:—

"Caution.—This Hotel is fully licensed, and situated on the East Cliff."

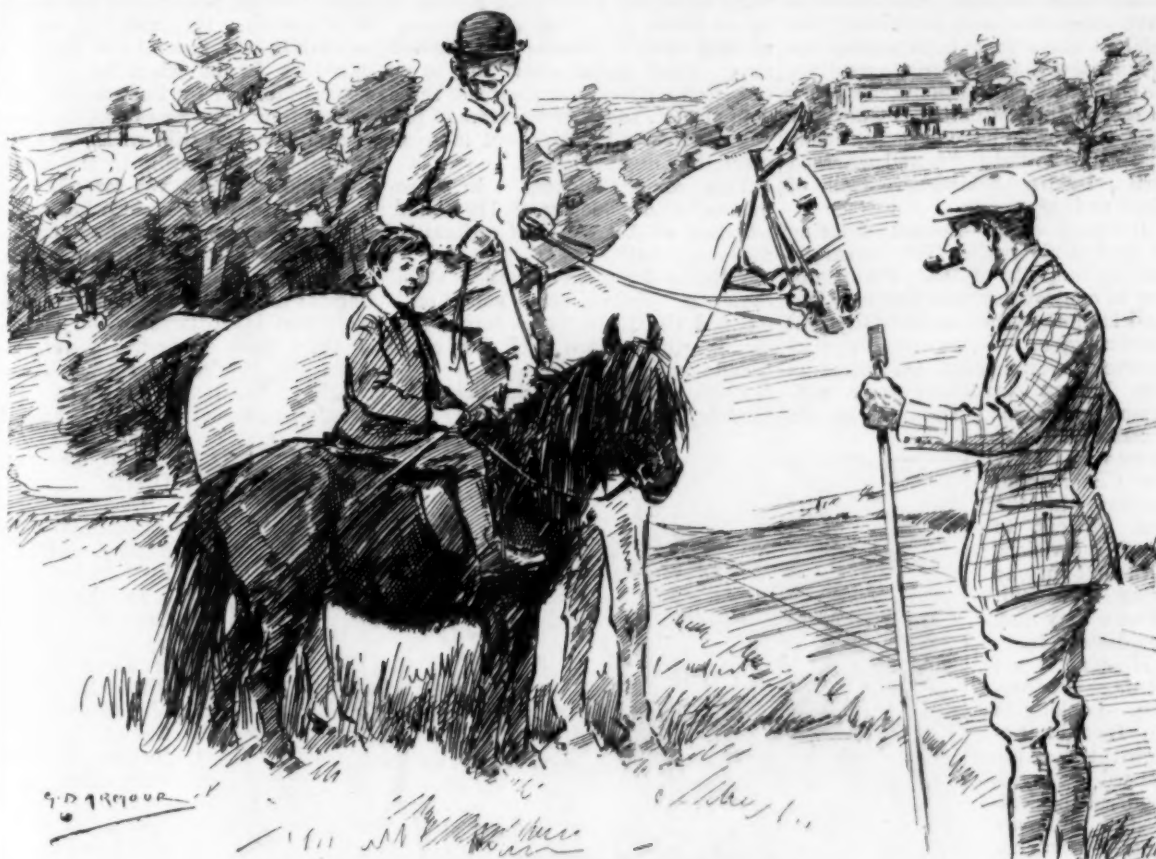
Truly a dangerous combination.



THE SIMPLE SOLUTION.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and Dr. CLIFFORD (together—*to new Minister of Education*). "YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE NEW TO YOUR WORK, AND YOU SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT OF OUR LONG EXPERIENCE. WE HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT IS BETTER TO SETTLE RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT!"

MR. RUSKIN. "ODDLY ENOUGH, -GENTLEMEN, THAT'S THE VERY FIRST THING THAT OCCURRED TO ME."



"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY."

Father. "GOT A FALL, DID YOU? WELL, I HOPE YOU DIDN'T CRY LIKE A BABY?"

Son. "No, Dad, I DIDN'T CRY. I JUST SAID ONE WORD—THE SAME AS YOU'D HAVE SAID!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.—With present Government still in power, Captain CRAIG is prepared for anything. Have already suffered cold wet spring of unprecedented severity. Only this morning Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, turning over his blue books, came upon one testifying to the fact that in the year 1907, being the second of existence of Liberal Government, the birth rate was the lowest on record. It is a self-evident mathematical proposition that if this process goes on unchecked at by-elections the Englishman will in due time be as extinct as the dodo.

To depression of feeling consequent on these reflections came sudden discovery that the House of Commons was in the hands of the soldiery. What would be misleading affectation to speak of as "a thin red line"

gleamed in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. There's nothing thin about the Cameron Highlanders, at least not about the specimens on view to-day. A brawnier set of men never wore kilts. Captain CRAIG's keen eye, trained in the service of the North of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, noted that whilst this detachment of the Camerons was almost within sword stroke of the Bar of the House the rear was protected by another file occupying a Bench of the Strangers' Gallery. He further detected a lighting up of the martial eye of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE seated in mufti on the Treasury Bench. When it fell on the band of warriors in the gallery it flashed the light of battle. Almost imperceptibly, certainly unconsciously, N. B. H. squared his massive shoulders what time his right hand instinctively moved towards his left thigh in search of the accustomed sword hilt.

Had been announced that WINSTON proposed at the sitting to take his

seat for Dundee. Word went round that the warriors in the gallery were a body-guard that had accompanied the successful candidate on his journey southward. Was said that as President of Board of Trade advanced to take the oath they, on preconcerted signal, would spring to their feet, draw their claymores, and shout their battle cry. That, of course, would be distinctly out of order. But there are occasions when might is right, and what would the Sergeant-at-Arms be amongst so many?

Suggestions and apprehensions turned out to be groundless. The martial array in the gallery was merely a muster of the Cameron Highlanders, who, having attended the King's Levee, looked in at the House. They sat unmoved when, amid ringing cheer from the Ministerialists, WINSTON walked up to the Table escorted by the PRIME MINISTER and the Master of ELIRANK. Unmoved they remained when, the new Member being formally intro-

duced to the SPEAKER (who seemed to have somewhere seen him before), the jubilant cheer rang forth again, and WINSTON with characteristic modesty withdrew behind the SPEAKER'S Chair to escape further notice. Questions over they rose as one man, made sharp turn to the right, and marched forth, leaving behind no trail of blood or booty.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Universities Bill carried by rattling majority of 313. Promise of end to controversy that has rent Ireland for forty years, incidentally embarrassing, in one case routing, successive Governments. On introduction PRINCE ARTHUR warmly welcomed measure. To-night in his absence CARSON blesses it. Only the Ulster men, stalwart to the end, go out to hopeless divisions with intent to delay the Bill, since they may not destroy it.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Looking in on Lords to-night, the experienced eye recognised that one of two interests must be at stake. The Opposition benches swarmed with Peers. Ministerial ranks, though, as division when taken testified, they presented no appreciable increase owing to recent augmentation, were by comparison with ordinary occasions well filled.

What was up? Church or Land? Glance at Orders showed that business was proposal to go into Committee on Land Values (Scotland) Bill. Then it was Land. Figure long familiar in House of Commons stood at Table uttering solemn words of warning. Odd, when we come to think of it, that a statesman known to the Commons as ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS should, when he went to the Lords, retain in another form the saintly appellation. He is now Viscount ST. ALDWYN. This better, inasmuch as whilst it preserves old associations it is briefer.

For a while it seemed the majority would get rid of the measure at this midway stage. But there are more

ways of killing a cat than serving it up as rabbit pie. The night young; nothing to do till dinner dressing-bell rang; much better allow Bill to go into Committee, and then let these depredators, these confiscators of private property, breaking out in fresh place, be taught a lesson.

This course adopted. In Committee, with majority of 119 to 32, adoption of Act by local authorities made optional.

"Better have no valuation at all than a chess-board valuation," moaned the LORD CHANCELLOR, surveying with pained look his noble friends on left of Woolsack.

Peers obdurate. In the Commons Ministry might do mischief with

Sark, "is the presence of the Squire of MALWOOD. He lived long enough to walk up the floor of the House to introduce LOULU when he took his seat as Member for Rossendale. But at that time (four years ago) his party was still in the wilderness, and the opportunity of sharing in the loaves and fishes seemed yet far off. He had gone to another place before his big boy established the position of most popular of First Commissioner of Works, speedily leading to Cabinet rank. To-day there are once more two HARCOURTS in the House, as there were thirty-five years ago, when the Squire from the Liberal benches faced his brother, the Colonel, owner of Nuneham, a mute pillar of Toryism, seated behind Dizzy."

Business done.—Committee of Supply. All over by 8.20.

In the Lords Opposition slice up what was left of Land Values Bill. On behalf of Government CREWE declines further responsibility for measure. Crisis? Not a bit of it. Bill will be dropped, and next session we shall start a third time.

THE NEW RESTAURANT.

No sooner had the door swung to behind me than I guessed I had made a mistake. But since at the last moment to change one's mind about a restaurant is fatal, I took a seat.

"Bring me," I said to the waiter, "a loin chop and a grilled tomato."

He looked at me with pity. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but this is not that kind of restaurant."

"Well, what can I have then?" I asked. "What is it? Is it vegetarian or is it corrupt? I mean have I got to have either cabbage cutlets or caneton à la presse? Have I got to spend a shilling or a sovereign?"

He pitied me again. "You've made a very natural mistake, sir," he said. "Our food wouldn't satisfy you at all. It's mind food, worked up into little messes. I know the look of the place is misleading, sir,"



How Winston might have come up the floor of the House—if a full use had been made of Sir John Dewar's colossal Cameron guests who flooded the gallery with unwonted splendour.

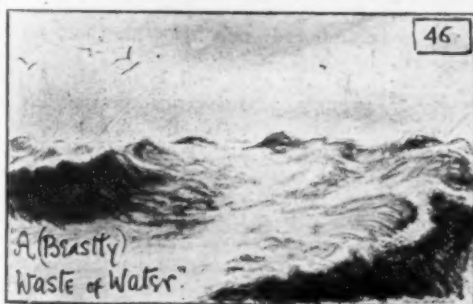
assistance of majority of two to one, occasionally of three to one. By majorities of four to one the Lords riddled the hapless measure, with pleased consciousness that no one, either in Scotland or England, could say they had denied it full consideration.

Business done.—In Committee on Scottish Land Values Bill.

House of Commons, Thursday.—LOULU and the Master of ELIBANK brought up new Member. It was ROBERT HARCOURT, who has held the fort at Montrose, lately abandoned by Viscount MORLEY OF BLACKBURN. Hearty cheer greeted the bearer of a name ever honoured in House of Commons.

"Only thing lacking to pleasure of the moment," said the Member for

SECOND IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



he added as I glanced round the room at the mirrors and lights. "They're local colour, sir. Like the candles in a church, sir, or the vertebrae in oxtail soup."

I nodded. It was perhaps as well, I remember thinking, that I wasn't really hungry.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "This is the new intellectual restaurant. It's not for honest tooth-work at all, it's for ideas. No one wants ideas in the

ordinary way, but the governor, he thought, sir, that if people were invited to take them in the form of food they might be induced to absorb a few. Eating's very popular, sir."

"You don't call this eating?" I said.

"They do," he replied, indicating the other diners. "High thinking and messy feeding are supposed to go together, sir."

I looked at them. They were read-

ing as they ate, many of them, and even making notes. Some were talking earnestly. There was no laughter. "I wonder what SHAKESPEARE ate?" I remarked.

"Roast beef, sir," he said in a whisper. "But they don't think much of him here. They know better than that."

"There don't seem to be many dishes," I said, looking down the menu.

"No, sir," he said. "There used to be more, but they're off now. Customers choose very much the same things as each other. We have fashions the same as milliners do?"

"What's the popular dish just now?" I asked.

"Many gentlemen nowadays begin with a little Clear Shaw," he said. "Some end with it too."

"Yes," I said, "and what else?"

"A few gentlemen take Zarathustra mince," he said.

"Any *hors d'œuvre*?" I asked.

"We keep a few Kick Shaws," he said. "The Smoked Symons isn't bad, but there's very little sustenance to it, if I may use the word, sir."

"Is there anything ready?" I asked.

"The Gicasee * of Mutton and the Clear Shaw are always the readiest," he said.

I did not seem to want either, and so looked down the menu again. "Purée of To-morrow—what is that?" I asked, as I read.

"It's rather popular," he replied.

"A little indigestible perhaps."

"Charlotte Russe?" I inquired.

"A la Tolstoi," he said. "A very primitive and homely dish."

"Baked Reich Pudding. Is that nice?"

"It's not very good," he said; "but there was rather a run on it a little while ago, but now they go in for Chesterbel pudding or Minx pies."

"Anonymous Pudding—what's that?"

"That's a mistake," he said.

"It's really Benson Pudding. Too stodgy for our people."

"And what do they drink?"

"Water, sir, chiefly. We have our own Wells."

What I should have ordered I cannot say, but at this moment two young women came in, in dark-green clothes and *pince-nez*, and calling for the waiter they told him to bring a little of everything, and be sure it was hot. They then ate very fast, and began to talk volubly about sex.

At this point I awoke—tremendously hungry.

* Could he mean G. K. C.?—Ed.

"At 134 there was an unremarkable click of Robson's bat from a light delivery of Breamley's, and Worsley's gloves closed over the ball with a unanimous shout of 'How's that?'"—*Bath Herald*.

It would save some wicket-keepers a lot of trouble if their gloves would appeal automatically every time the ball hit them.

MORE FEMALE FELONY.

THE adaptation of *Le Voleur* had had so long a run at the St. James's that I was quite ready for another Lady-Thief, with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER once more as the harrowed recipient of her confession. *The Thunderbolt* is a very conscientious piece of work, but, apart from the rather commonplace business of the theft and destruction of the will (already accomplished before we arrive), it is really not so much a play as a collection of character sketches on the lines of a novel in dialogue. Drama, after all, concerns itself with action—pre-



Miss Mabel Hackney (*Phyllis Mortimore*). "I do hope you're not too shocked at my confessing to a felony?"

Mr. George Alexander (*Thaddeus Mortimore*). "Not at all. We have one of those thunderbolts every time at the St. James's. But of course I have to look as if I were a bit surprised and pained."

ferably the kind of action that goes on in character under the influence of circumstances and environment. It is not enough to portray character, though this is obviously necessary at the start, that we may know what we have to work upon; the real business of the dramatist is with its development. Now, if we may, perhaps, except the assumption of her guilt by the erring lady's husband, and the evolution towards a suspicion of generosity that takes place in the tough heart of the eldest brother, there is in this play no sort of development of character. Everybody's internal system remains stationary. After the first half-hour, spent in the introduction of a group of personalities well enough differ-

entiated, one finds that the sentiments and almost the very words of each character under changing conditions are just what one might have guessed they would be; and the chief interest that remains for us is to observe very respectfully the meticulous care with which the author maintains the consistency of his fixtures.

I venture also to think that Mr. PINERO was ill-advised in the choice of a title which, as far as the audience was concerned, could only represent the sensation of a few innocents on the first night. From that date onwards there could be no possible question of a thunderbolt.

Nothing so much marks the glorious upward movement of British drama as the change in the fashion of its curtains. To end an Act on a dramatic exit would in these days be a sign of hopeless banality. Thus Mr. PINERO prolongs the first Act to allow a butler to enter the solitary room and extinguish a couple of lamps. This may, of course, have been a subtle touch suggestive of bourgeois economy, but it was not precisely of the nature of a culmination. At the end of the terrible strain of the third Act, when Mr. ALEXANDER's exit threatened to bring down the house, the tottering fabric was sustained for some moments to allow scope for several rather cheap pleasantries which might well have been left to the imagination of an audience by this time thoroughly instructed in the manners of the *Mortimore* family. And in the last Act I thought the curtain would never come down at all, so many little anticlimaxes clamoured, one after another, for a hearing.

I have seen and heard Mr. ALEXANDER's performance praised as a superlative feat. Perhaps I sat too far forward for the right perspective; but I confess that his acting in the more tragic scenes confirmed my conviction that his true *forte* lies in light comedy. Miss MABEL HACKNEY began on so funereal a note that she scarcely left herself anything in reserve for her thunderbolt. She failed, too, and that was partly the author's fault, to win the sympathy that we were all anxious to lend her. There was not enough of human appeal in the vague motives that actuated her offence. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as *James Mortimore*, and Mr. BEVERIDGE as *Elkin*, the lawyer, were really admirable; and to Mr. DRAYCOTT's *Colonel Ponting* I have pleasure in awarding a D.S.O. for his gallant efforts to relieve a very closely beleaguered house. Miss



Pompous Parent (fond of imparting information to his family). "ERE WE 'AVE THE OSTRICH. REMARKABLE BIRD, &C., &C. (Pause.) SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT!"

STELLA CAMPBELL was a very gracious figure. She suffered, perhaps, from a slight taint of priggishness in the part assigned to her, as well as from a tendency to monotone and lack of suppleness; but her air of youthful dignity and aloofness and gentle breeding offered exactly the right contrast to the vulgarity of her uncongenial relations. If I went to this play again it would be for just the joy of watching her, and recognising certain little touches of her mother's fascinating manner. O. S.

"Thus the amount which the new Sugar Tax on large incomes was estimated to produce in the first year was £600,000."—*Irish Times*.

This gives you an idea of the luxurious habits of the rich, with their cellars of ginger-beer, and cabinets of priceless pear-drops.

A SCHOOL OF MYSTERY.

[According to *The Wizard* Mr. Maskelyne's Magic Circle aims at establishing a university for the study of magic.]

Honour Mods. Examination:—

1. Explain fully how a thing may be in two or more places at once. [Note.—Birds do not count.]
2. Extract a rabbit from the coat-tails to four places of decimals.
3. Reduce the above to a leash of guinea-pigs up the right sleeve.
4. State, within a yard or two, the possible cubic contents of a pair of hands after they have been conclusively proved to be absolutely empty.
5. Out of an ordinary silk hat are produced three cannon balls, six Chinese lanterns, two flower-pots, a parasol, and an assortment of flag-staffs. Give the size of the gentleman's head.

[Candidates will be required in the

course of a *viva-voce* examination to pick the examiner's pocket and then cause him to 'vanish.'

From the Editor's notes in *The Oldham Standard*:

"I am handicapped with this word; I will call them pigeons," said the Wigan Head Constable. The birds were petamigans, the spelling of which is often a test at 'spelling bees.'

We see, of course, where the catch lies; people would constantly be tempted to spell it ptarmigan.

"A sailor is a strange sea-beast. . . . He is never cold; he *owns* the overcoat; weather apparently does not affect him. His clothes are extraordinary. He is also a man without ties."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

The writer need not go so far from home for his enthusiasm. There are lots of men walking about London with neither overcoats nor ties,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp (A. C. FIFIELD), by W. H. DAVIES, is a very remarkable book. I own I have no particular liking for the title. It is precious and affected, and harmonises badly with the style and matter of the volume itself. As a matter of fact Mr. DAVIES was never a super-tramp. He was a tramp with literary aspirations, and always at the end of every "beat" he had a vision of himself sitting at ease under his own vine and fig-tree, and composing great poetry to please himself. However, I suppose the "super" is intended as a gratification for Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who has written a preface to the book in his "well-known manner"—the words are his own. I have never in all my life come across so calm and at the same time so candid a narrator as Mr. DAVIES. With the utmost unconcern, though in admirably well-chosen language, he lays before his readers the story of his turbulent childhood, his youth, and his manhood. He organised a gang of boy bandits, stole confectionery and groceries, and having been captured was sentenced to twelve strokes with a birch rod, which he duly received. Later he turned tramp, not because he was unable to work, but because he did not want to work. He travelled over the greater part of the United States and England by road or by rail, associated with the queerest companions, and endured intolerable hardships. Finally, a railway train severed his foot from his leg, and brought his career as a tramp to an end. He is now the author of two volumes of poetry, and of the present book, in which he tells the story of his wanderings. Mr. DAVIES has a keen eye for character. He indulges in no high-flown language or maudlin introspection. Ruthlessly, but with perfect lucidity, he describes himself, his companions, and his adventures from the outside. It is a deeply interesting record, marred only by a few split infinitives.

Arms and the warrior I sing,
And those who like the strain should fill an
Indolent hour with studying
The Story of the Guides (MACMILLAN).

Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND shows the Corps
Established, winning fame, and growing—
Taking a hand in every war
(And India's had no lack) that's going.

There's stuff throughout the book to set
The nerves of subalterns a-quiver,
And make the half-pay man forget
Awhile his Anglo-Indian liver.

No writers, whether of history, poetry, or romance, can feel, I imagine, that they have treated themselves fairly until they have had a fling at NAPOLEON. Some of them admire, and some condemn; but Mr. H. C. BAILEY is one up on most of his predecessors, for he can

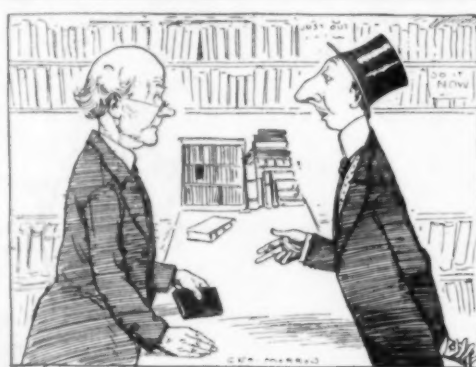
find nothing but pity for the Corsican adventurer. In *The God of Clay* (HUTCHINSON) we are introduced to ever so many people: aristocrats, *sansculottes*, Jewish financiers, English spies, an Irish monk with a donkey, and a Levantine buccaneer with a beautiful daughter; and one and all despise this thinker in Continents who has no time for the real business of life, which is obviously love. Where would the novelist be if it were not so? Ranging himself therefore on the side of the ANTONIES (MARK and HOPE), Mr. BAILEY has written a series of dramatic and romantic episodes which are very delightful to read, and not importunately true to historical fact. I became a little tired of descriptions of the hero's features (I must have seen a picture of them somewhere), but Mr. BAILEY's style is most refreshing, and several of the subordinate figures in the book, notably *Barsac* and Mr. Waring the midshipman, are quite irresistible. Insular pride is also abundantly satisfied by the complete humiliation of BONAPARTE before *Jerry Wild*, and the triumph of sentiment over sordid ambition. Rule Britannia!

If I were in love and the object of my affections would not or could not reciprocate them because she lacked "the marriage sense," I should leave her in the capable hands of Father Time. He knows better than I how to bring foolish young women to their senses. Certainly I should not ask anyone else, not even mine own familiar friend, to endeavour to "open her heart" (for all the world as if it were a sardine-tin), and expect him, if he succeeded, to retire in my favour. I have a feeling that the scheme, though ingenious, would not work. It would inevitably be my obliging friend who would lead the lady to the altar, while I proceeded with shame

to take a back seat. This is just what happens in *The New Galatea*, and Mr. SAMUEL GORDON, the author, apparently recognising that his original lover is a little wanting, is careful to explain that his father had died in a lunatic asylum. However, after *Galatea* marries the friend the story gains in strength what it loses in originality. At first she is a wife in little more than name. Her unopened heart is still a block of virgin marble. But you know that this cannot last. In due time she will fall in love with her husband when it is almost, but not quite, too late, and will pass through as many bad quarters of an hour as she has given him before they reach true connubial bliss and the end of the book. MESSRS. GREENING, the publishers, are of opinion that Mr. GORDON "handles a theme which in its boldness is reminiscent of the most advanced Continental writers with a delicacy which cannot offend even the most Puritanical taste." Certainly I found nothing here to raise a blush on my own cheek, but then, perhaps, my innocence has suffered more than that of MESSRS. GREENING from excursions into foreign literature.

From a Cairo Parish Magazine:—

"The Debating Society met twice during the last month. On April 23rd, Mr. Robinson advocated Female Suffering." Poor Mr. ROBINSON. Nobody loves him.



"I WANT A BOOK CALLED 'HOW TO THINK'—FOR A FRIEND."